BY THE "DUTCHESS."

CHAPTER XXI. it Boyle, his face absolutely livid,

ruined him and lays his bard upon her shoulder. For the mement it seems be has forgotten that there is any one in the

in a low voice, faint, herrified. "You do not deny that you are Grant Boyle?"

"You are not, then, Paul Annerley?" That's true." Indine staggers back from him, and

turning his bandsome head to carro is standing, and laughing goyly "As often as you acted with me in priva contlisustain a part, even a difficul

if I threw my whole vill land. I must applicate to you for that handkerchief, by the way. I could have wished it were a finer one; but an actor must be perfect even in the miner details, and a bar dar should not be acquainted with cambric." Here Massareene makes a dash forward, but is restrained by Duran.

ter wisely.

"Don't waste your superfluous energy on me, Massarcene," acrs Boyle, lightly.

"I'm not good enough."

"Keen if And after all I am hardly a rival. My charming consin cared for me as I cared for her. I had no intention whatsoever of depriving you of her."

"You are a danger scennire!" says

Boyond doubt" replies the other, with

a shrug.

"Stand back, Gerald. Why should you bandy words with such as him?" says Miss Grey, in a cold, haughty tone. A step places her between the two men.

"So, sir!" she says, addressing Granit, "while holding openly to your engagement with me, and decharing it loudly to the world, you were carrying on an intrigue.

There is something terrible in the glance he has bent upon hor. He has apparently given no thought to Duran, though in him he finds his rival; all his thoughts you cantered on Nadine. As if she feels

Intention whatsoever of marrying you. I Nadine starts violently.

low tone full of meaning: then again lets treme agony of his expression touches, and forbids her to say anything that may

just! Seniores priores. Lady Valworth lifts her head from her

"Oh, Granit! Granit! Granit!"

broken heart!

Silence follows on it. The gray head has again fallen forward

upon the outstretched arms.

If the son is moved by this evidence of

the cruelty of his mother's grief, he gives no sign of it. With a face marble indeed, and quite colorless, and therefore impas-sive, he waits to receive an answer to his question from Sir Thomas.

question from Sir Thomas.

His stepfather, now utterly unnerved, motions to him to leave the room.

"Prosecution is impossible," he says hurrieally. "All that is left you is to quit this house and this country with as little delay as possible. This is the only kind-He points to the motionless figure of his

"A kindness that will cost me little."

replies the young man with a callous smile. "Already my plans are arranged to leave England for a foreign soil, never, I hope, to return to it. On the twenty-fourth Nadine and I sail for

Canada. Nadius recolls from him. You must be mad," she says. do you now link your name with mine?" "It is premature certainly. But on the

twenty-third it will be linked with mine forever!" "This little affair has affrighted you!"

says Boyle, with a dark glance. "In a distant land, under different circum-stances, you will readily forget it." "Forget this night?" "And all, and every one belonging to

"You hope too much."
"This hope is my life! It shall not be too much! You shrink now; your woman's heart fails you; but in the time to come there will be no room for regret. Joy shall fill your days. Come, take cour-

brutally, but with determination. Duran, going quickly up, by a sudden sharp wrench delivers her from him. He would perhaps have done more, but that Nadine's thought of nothing since—since Boyle's exponent glance of entreaty restrains him.

This glance fortunately Bayle falls to see.

"Keep back! This matter is between he and Miss Roche."

His gaze returns to Nadine, and again trade upon her, his crime, his ruin, his only exile!

"Keep back! This matter is between harm, but she is oppressed by nervous h

his glance dwell upon me off? Seet I would not plead to you, in his arms, I could hardly beneve my senses. Well, it is a good exchange for senses. It is his on your mercy—even though that mercy her. Maurice Duran is handsome, and on your mercy—even though that mercy her. Maurice Duran is handsome, and means the saving of my soul—but that rich, and—her heart's chosen. She is a lucky girl."

"Are you unlucky?" He asks the ques-

Duran, who has been standing near her, with his even upon the ground, lifts them alovely now and fixes them upon Nadine. He has grown very pale.
Nadine is standing with white lips and

in a curious tone. "You have had lithrough? You have never under- am satisfied with the knowledge that no r has gained it. Come! what is ther ot quite mine, is still your own. If you llow me it is to gain a slave who will

whispers he, still with his glowing a hers, his grasp growing warmer. consider! Would you send me out the cold, the dark, forlorn, lost, with ce will restore to me light and hope a home for you elsewhere.

g speech, false in all but the wild that speaks through it, stirs her which lies captivity. She feels d, senseless. She would fain cry but some strange inward force es her dumb. Already the threshold | for the door,

the eyes always fixed so immovably on loyle's warns him it is best to humor her or the moment. That she is on the verge

or all this I will repay you with the e of a lifetime," he whispers cager-My beloved, collect your strength. of the blessedness of the sake. I Ah! poor Lady value! I will repent for your sake. I is the one to be pitted." Mine for all eternity! Come! To other we must be forever

Again he endeavors to draw her neross

The word rings out loud and clear and desperate. And then even clearer, and filled with a passionate entreaty: she cries, in a tone that thrills the hearts of all present.

CHAPTER XXII.

Doran is at her side in an instant. He

"Keep it And after all I am hardly a rival. My charming cousin cared for me as I cared for her. I had no intention whatsoever of depriving you of her."
"You are a danned scennard!" says Massareene, flinging off Duran, and alvandary to Boyle, his face white with rage. This he had never suspected. That her heart was not his, he knew; that it was

world, you were carrying on an intrigue under a false name—of which this girl was to be the victim!"

"Far from it" replies her cousin coolly. "You were to be the victim! I had no lifts her head. Her eyes met Boyle's.

tention whatsoever of marrying you. I al—I have—every intention of marrying is Roche!"

"So" he says, and no more.

There is such a cruel meaning in the one word he has uttered that Nadine, freeing herself from Duran's restraining Quick to see and judge, he notices her motion, and turns to her.
"I have your promise." he goes on in a Yet, as she draws near to him, the ex-

his glance fall upon Sir Thomas.

"Well, how is it to be?" he asked recklessly. "On which count am I to be first
arraigned? The diamondo? Is my mother
to be the first to cast a stone? It is only
lessly. "On one near me. If you touch me
I will not answer for myself. Probably I shall kill you.'

"Paul!" She has forgotten everything save the her face never afterward forget how it was then. The agony the despair, the deadly cold of it, all burn themselves into

"I warn you to keep away," repeats he in the same dull, methodical tone as be-fore. "If you spoke forever you could not tell me more than I know now. It is "Oh, Granit! Granit! to and rings not tell me more than I know now. It is too late to cajole or deceive me further. You must be satisfied with the old vic-"If you would but listen"-

"To believe again—to be again undone? Be warned!" cries he with a sudden acess of violent passion. If you approach me one step nearer, if

"That choice was not altogether happy."

seminst that wall opposite!" He draws his breath floreely, and his hands work together in a convulsive frenzy. "Traitress!" he whispers, a cold fury in his cone; "how has it been between us? I have you all—my love, my life, my hopes. You gave me a scrpent's smile and glances and altogether was not altogether happy."

"That choice was not altogether happy."

"It link perhaps if I were to choose for myself this time, it would be better."

"At this her annt rouses herself.
"I had hoped to see you make a great alliance," she says mournfully. "You, with your fortune, and—and that unfortune are young may not altogether happy." your treacherous voice sounds once more upon my ear, I will dash your false brains You gave me a serpent's smile and glances false as hell! With desire in your heart for another, you held out a hand to me,

She has placed her hand appealingly

sne has placed her hand appealingly upon his. With a sudden cry, wild as though coming from a beast hurt unto death, he selzes her, and flinging her far from him, sends her with a crash against the further wall.

Massareene, coming forward, takes her hand and lifts it to his lips. There is a great warmth and gladness in the gaze he directs at Mrs. Brand.

Perhaps she gives it its value. So true, the further wall. the furthest wall. She drops like a stone to the ground.

arrene with deep solicitude.
"I am tired. I confess it. With all this anxiety upon my mind, to be obliged to go about among the guests and apologize to them for poor Lady Valworth's absence, "A truce to folly" cries he, with a flash of passion. "I tell you you are mine, and shall follow me where I go. Have you forgotten your oath, your promise?"

Then the provided the passion of the first hour unpresentable. Then she rattled a little, but to hardle the provided the passion.

expect what chance would be have at her, even though judge and jary it him? His world would behave in And it is this rame voice that has cries savagely, glancing at Duran.

"Keep back! This matter is between the dearest voice on earth and the content of the hands of such a man."

"Who are you to dare to interfere?" he cries savagely, glancing at Duran.

"Keep back! This matter is between the content of the hands of such a man."

"How is she now?" "Well, but still terrified. His violence did her no bodily the content of the hands of such a man."

coming exite!

"Nadine!" he says, and his voice has grown wonderfully soft.

"Think, my beloved! Would you cast me off nowknow, when the world has cast me off? See! I would not plead to you, I would not throw myself so altogether is senses. Well, it is a good exchange for "Are you unlucky" He asks the ques-

tion wistfully, looking down at her with his plain, kindly face rather disturbed. "I am ugly and poor, and not altogether sure that I am the chosen of her who is

all the world to me."
"Oh! you are you?" returns she sententiously. "And as for Maurice Duran, I would not marry him, even if he had the "And you will marry me!" eagerly.

"Time will prove that."
She laughs at him a little saucily from under her long lishes, and holds out to him a hand with such dainty sweetness as brings him to her feet at once. My darling girl!"

"A darling girl, no doubt; but not yours yet, however."
"And why not, since you are free?"

"I was quite free all along, it seems!"
exclaims she with a quick flash of
wounded pride that brings the hot blood wounded pride that brings the not blood to her cheeks. She springs from her seat and paces rapidly up and down the room. Presently she stops short before him, and lifts her dark, angry eyes to his. "I wonder you have not too much pride to care for the woman who was despised by that thief!" she says, with angry excitement.
"I care for Millicent Grey. It is absurd to dwell upon such a thing," returns he

"Shall I ever forget it, I wonder-to be rejected by such as him! To learn from his own lips that I was merely used as a blind; that while paying attention to me his whole heart and soul was devoted to

strongly.

"But what a soul and heart! you should consider that." "The meaner they are, the more I re-"The meaner they are, the more I re-sent his conduct. And to say it before them all!—my aunt, Lady Valworth, Sir Thomas, you! When he thus scorned me publicly, with that evil smile upon his

lips, I had only one wish left." "That I were a man, to thrust the words And thats back in his throat and kill him."

'And yet you held me from him at the moment. He is still in the house, how-ever. I will compel him to apologize— to"— begins the hot Irishman, making He is still in the house, how-

'No, it would be useless," interposes she, quickly "It is done it cannot be undone, and surely his mother has suffered enough. There must be no further dis-

"I can follow him, however." "I tell you, you could never undo what is done. Let him go; he is not worth notice. I should be ashamed to confess that his sting hurt me. And we are bound to remember his mother." "Ah! poor Lady Valworth! She indeed

"So you would say, could you see her

"Where is she?" "In her own room. Sir Thomas was with her. His grief for her was very

"It would be useless. I could not sleep,

ans encircled her with his arms. Her tend has fallen upon her breast. He tooks at Boyle as though prepared to distute him for her to the death; but there "That difficulty will be conquered in a few hours. He will leave, of course, by the early train."

ise"- he pauses and looks at her en-"Could you not think of

treatingly. "If I hadn't you to think of I should go mad," returns she, with sudden soft vehe-mence. She holds out her hands to him. 'You are my one comfort," she whispers

brokenly.

They do not hear the door open, and indeed she is still in his arms when Mrs. Brand's voice falls on their ears. "Is this what you call 'taking a little

rest'?" she asks, with deep reproach. There is, however, no anger in her tones—he looks too sad, too depressed for any "Mrs. Brand," says Massarcene, ad-

open demonstrations of annovance. vancing eagerly toward her, "you know how it is with me and Millicent. You must have known for a long time. Now that this unhappy affair has left her once again her own mistress, do not refuse to

let me plead my cause."

Mrs. Brand has sunk into a chair. "You are very persistent," she says, tapping her fingers upon the table near.

"And Millicent?"
"I dare to hope that she—has found some room in her heart for me."

"Let her speak for herseif," says Mrs.
Brand, with a faint touck of impatience.

Brand, with a faint touch of impatience.
"Well, Millicent, how is it with you?"
"I love him, auntic," says Miss Grey
demurely. "I can't help that, can B
And—I wouldn't if I could! He is not
rich, of course, but money isn't everything. I have been very dutiful up to
this. That you must allow."

Characteristics of the course. She says nothing of the secret passages

between her and Massareene, and of the determination lately come to, to defy the world of relations for his sake. "Once you chose for me"-She pauses. Mrs. Brand sighs.
"That choice was not altogether

nate young man, with his prospect of an earldom. All is shattered now. Every-

and swore you knew not the meaning of the strange word love! Stand back, I tell you, if life is still of value to you! Nay, not a word! Treacherous devil that you are, I would still spare you!"

"If you would still spare you!" "If you would only let me tell you leave your money to whom you will; I shall certainly marry Gerald." Massareene, coming forward, takes her

so unmercenary a love as this is not to be despised in the money worshiping world

She drops like a stone to the ground.

Daran, holding her to his heart, looks round. Boyle is no longer to be seen. Without waiting to learn the consequences of his fury, he had rushed from the room.

"Well, at last my duty is at an end; my final guest has departed. I can now rest my weary limbs," says Miss Grey rest my weary limbs," says Miss Grey "You say I hurt her."
"You sent her with some force against the wall. You did not mean it," hastily —"but when one is agitated as you were, one hardly knows what one is doing.

The impossible. There upon the carpet he lies like a stick—a stone! The great grand fever of living is tearing through his veins. His pulses throb, his

some nours later, sinking into a chair as says in a low voice.

Massarcene, who is looking grave, remarked the speaks.

"You look awfully done," returns Massarcene with deep solicitude.

"I shall always love her," he says, "if

"I shall always love her," he says, "if that is what you mean!"
"You give your consent, auntie!" asks Millieent, kneeling on the carpet beside her and encompassing her with her arms.
"Yes. My meddling resulted in so dire a failure I dare not try it again. I am glad you have chosen a man who, if poor, is at least one who I believe will make you happy. One, too, whom I like and esteem. Ah! my dear to be able to respect your husband is a great matter. Gerald! see that she can always do that. And as for your uncle Timothy, darling, I think I shall be able to arrange him." She stoops forward and kisses Millicent e stoops forward and kisses Millicent

'And now where am I to go?' says the And now when an Tropy of the poor woman, in a melancholy tone. "I left the morning room because I felt sure that Duran wanted to come to an understanding with Nadine, and now you two lovers are wishing me—well, any where "Nonsense! We shall never wish for

your absence," cries Millicent tenderly.
"Stay with us always, just as long as
ever you like, dear mother mine!"

CHAPTER XXIII. It is a very pale and fragile Nadine who at Duran in the morning

He presses her gently into a huge arm chair, and stirs into a glow the dying embers of the fire. A chill has fallen upon the night. As the warmth comes to her, as she realizes that here, perhaps, Grantt will not seek her, as she sees the beloved face of Duran leaning over her. and weary, who sees its mother, might do, she stretches out her arms to Duran. In a moment she is lying on his breast.

"Oh, to be here!" she cries faintly. "To be here-in your arms-safe.

will never let me go, will you? You will not let him take me from you?" "Never, while life is in me! But I do ot wish to see you so unnerved, my carest. Come, take heart! Consider! In these prosaic days a girl cannot be torn from her home by any chance comer. Even if you were alone, you could resist him, because your promise to him has now been canceled; but even if it had no

"My own Maurice!" She slips her arm round his neck. She is yet in her ball gown and it is a soft, hare little arm, rounded as a baby's, that encircles him. He turns his head to kiss it tenderly. "It is a terrible thought," says Duran, presently, "and I am honestly ashamed of it; but I can of help feeling that this

niserable night's work has been our sal-

man nive—yo were lost to me! To-night, ! am the appliest—you are gained! For the future let us banish from us all nights save those that remind us that by a most strange chance we have been given to each other just when hope seemed dead."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Joy there, misery bere! Lady Valworth pushes back the por-ere, and with a slow and heavy tread alvances to where the motionless figure is scated upon a chair, his head buried on the arms that are lying upon the table. "Granit!" whispers she tremulously. He starts to his feet with an oath, and

He starts to his feet with an oath, and turns a stormy face to hers.

"What, cannot I be left alone even now? What brings you here? Is there no rest—no peace?"

"It is only I, my dear—your mother!"

Her voice breaks. "Oh, my child! my son! my darling! It is your mother, dear —your own mother! Did you think anything could make any difference to me?"
The poor woman flings herself on the ground beside him and encircles him with her arms. "I knew you were alone," she goes on eagerly. "I would have come sooner, but I—I was not very well. The moment I could, however, I came to you. I could not hear to picture you sitting here all by yourself, and perhaps believing your poor mother was holding aloof." "You had done better had you so held hourself."

"Oh, Granit! do not so speak to me!
Do not repulse me!" She is still kneeling beside him, trying do draw his dark, sullen face to look at her; and now she takes his hand and holds it in fondling fashion against her bosom. He is once fashion against her bosom. He is once fashion against her little one; in touching, but she seemed, I thought, impatient under it. She looked old, crushed, trouble and disgrace—in direct grief—and trouble and disgrace—in direst grief—and to whom then should be come but to his

Millicent turns aside, but not before he can see that the hot tears are running down her cheeks.

"Poor woman!" says he softly. And then: "My darling, you are worn out. You have been thinking for every one. Let me now think for you. You want rest. Let me persuade you to lie down for a little while."

It whom then should he come but to his mother? "My darling, why did you not trust me?" she says in a low, paintul whisper. "I shall see you again!" entreats she, lingering.

"I shall see you again!" in those not! I hope from my soul not!"

For the first time his composure seems to desert him. He grows ghastly pale, and a lit of shivering seizes upon him. "You are ill—you are suffering!" eries the stolen diamonds hardens his heart again, though not toward her—"" who was the suffering the suffer his heart again, though not toward her—
"they belonged to Sir Thomas. However"—breaking off savagely and dragling his hand roughly out of hers—"it is
too late to dis uss what is over and done.
If you have come here to manual as about.

Stooplag, he presses his line to her tora.

the early train.
"I suppose so. His poor mother!" be said." Going closer to him she tries with the said. "Going closer to him she tries to press him into a chair. "Sit down now awhile at least. Think of something and let us talk of your plans," she whis-

pers soothingly.
"Plans" He glance at her vaguely. remains: He glance in her vaguely, as though he hardly understands; plainly he has not been listening. Then suddenly his face flushes; the veins swell upon his temples. "Where is she?" he cries in

vehement tone. "Shet Mill.cent"
"Pshaw! No. She who betrayed me:
that fair devil, Nadine."

She is down stairs. She has been very ill," says the mother trembling.
"Did I hurt her? Did she feel? Did she suffer?' His tone is exultant, yet there is a fierce agony in it. "I hope so. Great heaven-! how that girl lied to me, though her 1 ps uttered no falsehood. She gave herself to me; she swore she would marry me, caring for that other all the time. Did you mark how she shrunk

and cowered away from me? How she paled, and glanced at me as though perdi-tion lay in the sight of me?" tion lay in the sight of me?"

He is glancing over his mother's shoulder toward the opposite wall. His eyes are dark and wild; he is gazing at something. That past scene in the library is again before him—is again being enacted—brought to light by his disordered fancy.

"Granit, think of something else," im-plores his mother, in a frightened mon-ner. His voice, his gestures, terrify her.

have died. She has slain me!" "Granit, my poor boy, do not talk so wildly. Forget this girl; think now of what is the best thing for you to do."

"I have thought of that—that is all arbetters."

be then?

His tone is impatient. "Where are you going, darling?" she asks, faintly.
"Nowhere."

His manner is dull and listless.

"Rouse yourself," entreats she, "you must go for awhile. You say you have arranged all. Tell me, then, where you 'A long journey." "Long journeys nowadays can be com-

passed in a very little while."
"That is true. Mine will be the shortest passage on record," he draws his breath sharply. "What happened to her, when I left! e fainted. Mr. Duran"-"Keep his name out of it, can't you?" interrupts he, violently, "Go on! She fainted. Well, what then?"

"They had considerable difficulty in re-covering her, I have been told. I was not there," says Lady Valworth, nervously. "She was naturally a good deal upset by the whole affair. I suppose you fright-ened her." "You say I hurt her."

"You" anxiously—"inust not take that so much to heart; you did her no real harm. You must not be uneasy."

"Take it to heart! I wish I had killed her?" The words come with a hiss through the potent how fair the takes and distorted with passion. "That she is how flow that he takes and distorted with passion. "That he takes not hould live, and live with him, is the sale hold of the takes up the revolver again and live with him, is the sale hold live, and live with him, is the sale hold live, and live with him, is the sale hold live, and live with him, is the sale hold so the him again! A slight form, clothed fore him again! A slight for

tained window the first streaks of coming morn are stealing with a persistency that will not be denied. Day is breaking, and with it his mother's heart. The ernel with it his mother's heart. The ernel content is morning the window the light breeze enters merrily, and floating downward, will tear him from her, will carry, lifts the hair, that is still unwet, from the light will tear him from her, will carry.

m-whither?
'You have not told me where you are ing,' she says, pressing her hand minst her heart to still its throbbing. going."

"I can tell no one that."

"What! not your mother? Granit, do not fear, I will betray you; anything you say to me now will be sacred. Tell me where it is you mean to go."

ber, that a tiny bird, emboldened by it, perches on the sill of the window, and breaks forth into a morning carol, lond and shrill. A carol! A requiem rather!

And now the silence is broken. Through the passages beyond comes the sound of

But why-why?" "For the simple reason that I don't know myself." There is a curious gleam in his eyes that disturbs her and makes in his eyes that disturbs her and makes her forget the flippancy of his tone. "It is to a strange land I will wend my way before the day is very much older. A stranger in a strange land! My reception will be a cold one, or perchance a hot

He laughs wildly. His merriment is, however, shortlived, breaking off almost "You are thinking of Africa," says his

mother, trembling, she scarcely knows why. "If you still refuse to let me know exactly where you are going, at least promise you will write to me. Granit, my dear, dear son, promise me that." "I will promise you anything you like, though I doubt if you would care to keep up the correspondence." There is some-thing terrible in his manner, which has grown frivolous in a ghastly way, and his face is livid. "She will live and proser." he says inconsequently as it seems o Lady Valworth; abut she will have to been so, still I am here, your guardian remember. I will compel her to do that!
And remember you," laying his hand
roughly upon his mother's shoulder, "remember well that my last words were that

he was responsible for all!"
"I will not believe these are your last You will return to me, when all his has blown over you will return, if yen for a month or so. Promise me

From where I am going no man re-That is not true. There is no place on earth from which you cannot come back to me, if you only will."

"No place on earth?" He repeats her

words slowly. "My place on earth will know me no more." He seems to wander sway from the actual meaning of her words to the mere sound of them. "have no longer any place on earth," he ries she, with a sudden burst of weeping. she throws her arms found him, and

of despair. "Alas! my one child! m pretty baby! that it should come to this," e means, bitterly.
"You will not forget my message to Though he is supporting her half faint-ing form, he hardly heeds her; her words bear no meaning to him. His mind i

clings to him in an embrace that is ful

he still loves, with a terrible intensity. "I shall forget nothing. When do you When you leave me."

etrnyed him, whom he has loved-who

"There will be no train, darling, unti-'I shall require no train." "But how, then, will you go?"
Again he bursts into that loud disordant laughter that chills the blood in

"Do not be uneasy about me. I have prepared for myself a mode of transit swifter than any train. Pour! Steam

For the momenty she answers anx-

There is no denial of her question in his manner, and she is fain to be content with it. She clings to him, and embraces him warmly; an embrace he returns in him warmly; an embrace he returns in him withdraw your bid! wer kind. She moves as if to leave him. At him angry tones on every side, nost as she reaches the door, his voice

stops her.
"One word," he says huskily. "Do not—do not be unkind to her! When I am gone, do not show or feel reseatment toward her!"

He makes her a sign with his hand to hammer. "Sold at four hundred. Old declare he has said all he had called her to hear, and going out, she closes the door

chind her.

The sound of her retreating footsteps has died away. He is alone! He stretches out his arms wearily, as one might who has just flung from him some crue! burdespair, burried down from the stand den, and drawing back the curtains, opens wide the window and gazes out upon the wide the window and gazes of the plot the growing day. Already the sun has mounted the heavens, and from the east soft rosy bars of tremulous light are descending upon the distant hill tops. From among the laurels comes the thrilling music of innumerable birds; from the wood the cooing of the gentle pigeons. A rose that has climbed up the wall, more ambitions than its fellows, thrusts its scenfed petals into his hand.

Mechanically he accepts the gift, and breaking the flower from its stem, inhales its perfume. It is sweet with dew, and sweet as only a morning rose can be, with all, the cord most rose can be, with "From me she shrunk—to turn to him! all the cool moisture of the dead past ow her eye lit as she saw him! To him night still on it, and buried in its heart. How here eye it is she saw him! To him she cried for protection from me! She held out her arms to him! She clung to him! His breath is coming in painful gasps. "There was advantion in the filled with water. The action rouses him." giance she directed at him! To gain such a glance I would have died. Well" he stretches out his arms and then he clasps his head, "because of such a glance I water with a view to its preservation. when that revulsion of feeling came over him. To save it from instant destruction —why? That he might see it upon the morrow? The morrow? Where will he

> —shall that senseless flower be spared! It is a very poor, a very paltry bit of malice, yet it nerves him, and brings him again face to face with his indomitable resolve.
>
> Crossing the room, he opens a case
> Crossing the room, he opens a case lying upon a bareau and draws from it a revolver. He runs his hand lightly over it, and the cool touch of the steel seems

ever. A few words, explaining where the farious suppliers (now dismantled and unset) may be found in his rooms in town, are addressed to his mother. Bold words, with no endearing commencement, no affectionate termination. To him the sapphires are of no further use. It is as wall that Millicent should have them again.
He flings the pen aside, and, rising to his feet, paces hurriedly up and down the room. He can walk now. But like a flash it bursts upon him that soon movement will be impossible. There upon the carpet he lies like a stick—a stone! The

lead man's head, and softly, delicately, plays with it. There is only the breeze All other motion is gone. So intense the silence that reigns within the cham ber that a tiny bird, emboldened by i

the passages beyond comes the sound of hurrying feet. There is one that runs be-fere the others. Nearer, nearer they come, and still the bird carols, the wind plays— the dead man lies there, carcless—un-

A touch upon the handle of the door. The wind still revels in lifeless tresses, but the bird has flown away. The door Upon the threshold stands—his mother.

THE END.

Many American physicians are among the ablest, but their profession rests on a the ablest, but their profession resists at a false hypothesis. It has nothing to do with science, and cannot have until it has vastly advanced. Marked improvement has been made in the repeaties. Our physicians compare very favorably with those of Europe. After the Empresence and given birth to the prince the entire of the proposed an investigation of the prince the entire of the proposed an investigation of the prince imperial an important operation was necessary, and all the celebrated doctor

Neven neef is being shipped to California in an annost unbroken string of cattle cars.

In Jacksonville, Fla., in the winter of 1848, an auction sale of the personal estate of a deceased planter, comprising chattels," was held in the public market A place. I was glad of the opportunity to see for myself how such things were done. On beginning the sale the auctioneer announced that families would not be separated, but would be sold in "lots." After a number of "lots" had been duly brought to the block and knocked down to the highest bidder, a bright looking boy was brought forward and placed upon the stand. The auctioneer at the same time called an old colored man among the crowd to come up and stand beside the boy. He did so, and the

auctioneer then said: "Gentlemen, the old man is this boy's father: he lives in the West Indies, and is a free man. He wants to buy the boy and take him to his home and make him 400 P. M hee. He bids \$400, which is all the

money he has."

The intent of this statement was evidently to discourage any advance on that bid, and it touched a sympathetic I trust you entirely. I trust you with my last message—to her! Now go."
"I shall see you again!" entreats she, once turned in the direction of the bid-I hope not! I hope from my soul der, who was a rough, dissipated lookder, who was a rough, dissipated looking fellow, a typical slave trader in appearance. The auctioneer paused a moment, looked annoyed, and then remained the remaining of the posted big previous statement concernpeated his previous statement concerning the old man, emphasizing the re-mark that \$400 was all the money be A. "And now, aur hundred and fifty." From oices came the cry; "Withdraw your oices came the cry; "Your oices came the cry; "Withdraw your oices came the cry

draw it." The auctioneer quickly went back to the original bid, on which he dwelt two | Corre The crowd cheered, and the principal IN ADDITION TO OUR man, the boy is yours; take him down." figure in this little drama who, the moment before, had been the picture of

smiling and happy.-New York Sun. The Natives of Scrapit. The population of Scrapit turned out to see us. The women were a strange contrast to the men in appearance. While the latter were as lean as whip ping posts and uglier than most monkeys, the former—at least those under 20 or so—were plump, solidly built, full bosomed creatures, and there were at least half a dozen in the crowd before us who

might fairly be termed good looking.

But the older members of the community, the women especially, almost pass my powers of description to give an idea of their weird ugliness. K. tersely summed them up as "baked monkey," but a monkey would at least have had a covering of hair, whereas these dreadful persons had nothing but their very scanty clothing to conceal any part of the leathery integument that was so tightly shrunken over their skeleton bodies, and looked so hard and dry that you expected to hear it crackle when they moved. Their faces seemed to consist solely of skin drawn over a skull without a particle of flesh and looked precisely as if some one had tried to make a mask out of old leather, and He sets his heel upon the flower and crushes it out of all loveliness. Death is rushing t ward him on swift black wings. make a mask out of old leather, and failing had thrown it down in disgust and stamped on it. Yet they seemed neither decrept nor idiotic. The men carried their complement of arms; one old fellow had girded on the longest crookedest sword there. He looked the Death with his scythe. A woman, it like Death with his scythe. A woman woman with his scyther and the like Death with his scyther. A woman with his scyther and the like Death with his scy

who resembled one of the dried mum-mies of blacks found in North Queensto steady him. Having assured himself that it is loaded, he lays it down again land reanimated, was pounding paddy in a wooden mortar, so I concluded that and turns to a writing table.

His hand is firm, the writing bold as appearances were deceptive and that they were not nearly so old as they looked. Indeed, the Malayan races are very scarce—such an instance as the late Sultan of Branch and instance as the late Sultan of Brunei, who lived to nearly 100, being almost unheard of. -London Field. Take good care of the fodder corn. It But like a is a valuable adjunct on the farm where

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mental planting that few other plants

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